The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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WHO IS THE WEALTHY MAN?

"At the devil's mart all things are sold,
But an ounce of dross costs an ounce of gold.
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles are bought with a whole soul's tasking;
'T is only heaven that is given away.
'T is only God can be had for the asking."

ON the spur of the moment most of us would be inclined to say that the wealthy man is the man of property, the man with a large balance at the bank. And money, if properly used, can be a big factor in well-being. It is the love of money, and not money itself, that is the root of all evil. Money is one of the greatest powers in the world, but its limitations are as striking as its possibilities. Money can enable men to travel in comfort and with speed all over the world, but it cannot buy delight in the grandeur of the mountains and the luxuriance of the valleys for the soul that is dead to beauty. With money you can purchase or build a house and furnish it with every accessory of convenience and luxury. But not all the money of a Croesus will enable you to buy a home. Not all of the houses in Belgravia and Park Lane are homes. The things that go to make a home are as accessible to the man of moderate means as to the rich. Money can enable you to send your son to any school or university and to enter him for any profession, but it cannot buy for him a clean heart and an honorable soul and a will that is steadfastly inclined to good. Money can build or support churches, but it cannot buy the vision of God or the joyful sense of sins forgiven, or the abiding fellowship of the unseen Companion. Money can endow or support hospitals, but it cannot buy for us a heart of pity or compassion. Money can command the service and even the servility of others, but it cannot buy love. Money can clear away slums and build garden cities, but it cannot buy those public and private virtues which alone make the City Beautiful. Money can help to win wars, but it cannot buy the righteousness which exalteth a nation. Money is very powerful in the world that we can see and touch and handle; its value and power sink to zero in the world of the invisible things of the spirit.

A leading political economist has said that "All wealth consists of things that satisfy wants." But as we have seen, there are wants which money cannot satisfy. We may then say that wealth consists of things which satisfy man's deepest and most enduring wants (or, as I would rather say, needs). And the wealthy man is he who possesses these things.

Now what are man's deepest and most enduring needs? They can be summed up, I believe, under three heads.

1. *Fellowship with God.*—Man's deepest need is God. Until we find God and know the experience of fellowship with Him, we are lonely and desolate in the universe. We have found neither the key to the riddle of creation nor the secret of conquering the world. But how can we find God? There seem to be barriers between us and Him, not the least of which are our sins. We cannot cherish the hope of fellowship with God unless first of all there comes to us the assurance of the forgiveness of our sins. There is no rest for the soul of man until it rests in God.

2. *A Good Character.*—This may be put in different ways. We may best think of it as unification of the inner life. We are all conscious of man's strife and discord. As St. Paul puts it, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the

spirit against the flesh." There is "a law in our members warring against the law in our minds." Every one of us recognizes the description as being true of himself. We long to bring the discord to an end and to attain to complete inner harmony, so that our characters may not be composed of good and evil as they are at present, but may be completely good.

Our Lord told us to lay up treasure in heaven. What did He mean? The answer seems to be that as the only thing which we can take with us out of this world into the next is our character, we ought here and now to be storing up riches in character—riches which will abide forever.

3. *Fullness of Life.*—"More life and fuller" is one of man's most urgent and insistent needs. We long to be delivered from all cramping limitations, and to be free to develop every side of our nature. The outward circumstances of many are narrow and circumscribed. Is it possible for them, even while living in this world, to break through into surroundings that will give them a larger scope and a wider liberty?

How are these three great and fundamental needs to be met? Where and how can they be satisfied? St. Paul speaks of *The Unsearchable Riches of Christ.* That is, the riches contained in Christ, riches which He seeks to impart to us. And they are riches of which neither bad trade, nor bad debts, not any of the other vicissitudes of life can rob us. They are riches that satisfy our deepest and most enduring needs. For Christ brings us into fellowship with God.

Jesus said that He was the Way to the Father; and it is the experience of the generations that those who have found Him have found God. They know that the Infinite and Eternal One is "Our Father." They know that the world is not at the mercy of remorseless fate or blind chance, but that on the throne of the universe is One who loves us with an everlasting love. More than that, Jesus breaks down the barriers between us and God which our sins have set up. As we see the Love of God in the Cross of Christ we are enabled to say:

> "O, love, thou bottomless abyss,
> My sins are swallowed up in thee!"

Henceforth we live with God in the fellowship of sons; our deepest needs are satisfied.

Jesus Christ unifies also our personalities and makes us like Himself. When a man is constrained by the love of Christ, the inner strife and discord of which we have spoken is brought to an end. He has the mind of Christ, and his will is one with the will of Christ. Day by day he grows in grace and in the knowledge and love of God; that is, he grows more and more like Christ. That means that he is realizing the highest ideal of character. He is accumulating riches of which neither the world nor life nor death can rob him. He is laying up treasure in heaven. Here we touch the inmost secret of the Christian life. Jesus Christ gives us strength for righteousness. Tennyson says, "We needs must love the highest when we see it." And if merely to be attracted by the ideal were sufficient, most of us would attain to it. But we are undone by our weakness. We need a strength not our own, and yet our own, to enable us to attain. This strength Christ imparts to us, so that we learn to say, "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"

Jesus Christ gives us fullness of life. He liberates all our latent energies, and quickens all our dormant faculties, so that we learn to respond to every manifestation of Truth and Goodness and Beauty. "*I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.*"

We mentioned those who live in restricted surroundings. Well, Jesus Christ enables them to break through into a wider world in which they enjoy the franchise of free men. The man who lives in fellowship with God, who is growing like Christ and is enjoying fullness of life, is rich even though he has not a penny in the bank. He is rich with the unsearchable riches of Christ.—*Dr. H. Maldwyn Hughes.*

"HAVING EYES, SEE YE NOT?"

I WONDER why God made the trees to bend,
  Never unmoving, rhythmic with the wind.
Men's pillars, rigid rock laid end on end,
  Are still and dead. But glad trees and their kind,
From quivering aspen leaf to tallest pine,
  Are breathing deeply, breath on breath with God.
What fools we are! In doubt we beg a sign,
  When all about us, even in the clod
Of earth beneath our feet, God's bared heart throbs.
  The whole world's holy ground, but we tramp past
With booted feet, scornful and scoffing mobs
  Of clay, blindly rejecting to the last.
God moves upon the surface of the deep,
And man but stirs a moment in his sleep.
—*Norma Hendricks, in The Christian Century.*

NO one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.—*Charles Dickens.*

IF your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns's or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them—the sinner as well as the saint.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

WALKING TO EMMAUS TODAY

THE story of the walk of Cleopas and his companion on the afternoon of the first Easter day; how they were joined by a Stranger as they sadly talked together of the events of the past week; how He opened to them the Scriptures, in words which made their hearts burn within them; how they constrained Him to sup with them, and how, during that meal, He revealed himself to them as their Risen Master; and how they returned to Jerusalem the same hour, and told the eleven and they that were with them the joyful news, is a story familiar to us all. It marks one of the many interesting events in the wonderful history of the world's most wonderful day.

Every pilgrim to the Holy Land has longed to travel along the road on which that conversation took place; but till fairly recent times there has been a good deal of doubt as to where Emmaus stood. Artus, Coloniyeh, and other places have been pointed out as the site. Most scholars are agreed, however, that the little village of El Kubebeh, nestling among the hills to the north-west of Jerusalem, is the Emmaus of the New Testament. It is exactly three-score furlongs from Jerusalem, the distance given by St. Luke, a delightfully charming retreat that fits in with the narrative.

There is no carriage road to Emmaus, and those desirous of making the journey must either walk or go by donkey for at least part of the way. I made the trip in company with some members of the American Colony of Jerusalem. Leaving the Holy City early one morning, we started off on donkeys across fairly open country, aiming for the conspicuous tower of Nebi Samwil, an extremely interesting spot. For it was here that Samuel judged Israel for twenty years. Indeed, the many places of Biblical interest passed on the way made the journey a memorable one.

A short ride brought us to the Valley of Dead Bodies, mentioned in Jeremiah; and here we inspected the Tombs of the Judges. This is one of the best examples of the numerous ancient rock-hewn tombs found in this neighbourhood. The carved portal, spacious vestibule, and the tomb chambers with their many burial niches are very interesting.

The track now became very rough and stony, and it was only possible in places to proceed in single file. We were wending our way up steep mountain slopes, barren and wild, yet majestic and most awe-inspiring. A final stiff climb and we found ourselves among the ruins of Nebi Samwil. This is the highest mountain in the vicinity, being some 2,935 feet above sea level, and during the war was looked upon as the "key" position to Jerusalem. It was the scene of much hard fighting, and during the time that it lasted gave considerable anxiety to the inhabitants of the Holy City, which lies but six miles away.

The Crusaders called this spot the Mountain of Joy, as it was from here that they obtained their first view of Jerusalem. The mosque here covers the traditional tomb of Samuel, who is revered as a prophet by Moslems as well as by Christians and Jews. This is the Mizpeh of the Old Testament.

Entering the mosque, we climbed its rickety staircase and emerging upon the platform gazed in wonder at the extensive views before us—the blue heights of Moab to the east; the Holy City almost at our feet; the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, and further still to the West, Jaffa and the Mediterranean.

An hour's ride from here brought us to our goal, El Kubebeh, the Emmaus of the New Testament. It is a decidedly attractive little village nestling among trees and orchards, a striking contrast to the bareness of the surrounding hills. We made our way to the hospice, where we were most hospitably received by the good fathers. Their building stands on the slope of a large hill, and they have shown what can be done in the way of reclaiming these barren mountains by terracing them and planting them with trees and gardens.

The new church stands on the still plainly visible foundations of an old Crusaders' Church.

To the left, as we enter, a couple of steps lead down to a kind of chapel where there is an altar. This is pointed out as the site of the house of Cleopas, the spot where Christ broke bread with the two disciples. We cannot stand upon its beautiful marble floor without having our thoughts carried back to the happenings of that first Easter Day. The church itself is lofty, grand, and dignified, quite in keeping with the wonderful story it is built to commemorate. It boasts of some magnificent paintings recording the events of that afternoon walk of Cleopas and his companion. How different from our journey!—*H. J. Shepstone.*

SEVEN OLD BIBLE RECEIPTS

1. IF you have "the blues", read the 27th Psalm.
2. If your pocketbook is empty, read the 37th Psalm.
3. If people seem unkind, read the 15th chapter of John.
4. If you are discouraged about your work, read the 126th Psalm.
5. If you are all out of sorts, read the 12th chapter of Hebrews.
6. If you are losing confidence in mankind, read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.
7. If you can't have your own way in everything, read the 3rd chapter of James.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

1. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the cheer I have received from them. Also Alice and Enid send their thanks. We tried to write to each and every one, but some were damaged in the mail until the address was so blurred we couldn't make it out. God bless every one for the cheer they send out.

We ask to be remembered this year. I would appreciate magazines, books, and thread of any kind, also patches, for I have to sit in the house and they would help me so much, for I get very lonely. My husband is a farmer, and of course has to be out at work, and this is a very lonely place. Alice would like the *Geographical Magazine*, also threads for crocheting; Enid, children's stories and books. I would like a correspondent for me and Alice.

Now I hope I am not asking too much; we are so lonely here. May God's richest blessing rest on you, each and every one. Your friend, Mrs. Hazel Watson, Copeland, Ark.

2. We are two little girls, asking for cards and bedtime stories, and bits of ribbon or lace, for our doll. Anything to help us and our two little brothers, for we like to look at pictures and read little stories.

We send thanks for anything we might receive. We live 45 miles from a railroad, back in the Ozark Mountains. We don't have school regularly in our district. There will be no school until winter, and we had no school last winter. Your four little friends, Ila, Opal, and two little brothers, Copeland, Ark., care of Mrs. Hazel Watson.

3. I am writing to let you know that I would appreciate anyone's sending me books and magazines. I would especially enjoy back numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. I am eighteen years old. We live far back in the country, so that in the winter we cannot go anywhere.

Thanking you, Ada Bradshaw, Tomotla, N. C.

4. Mrs. Dewey Camden, Madison Heights, Va., wishes to thank each and every one who has sent reading, letters and cards. She writes: "I have enjoyed the letters so much that I have received from my unknown friends. The children have had great pleasure with the cards. I also want to thank the ones that sent the Christmas packages. May God bless all the *Cheerful Letter* workers."

5. Mrs. Robby Stike of Crumpler, N. C., would be very glad of suitable reading matter for herself and two children. Being very poor, she finds it very hard to keep her children in school.

6. I have been delayed in expressing my grateful thanks and good wishes to each and everyone through your paper, but am none the less grateful.

Your letters, cards and many other helps have been so thankfully received by myself and the other friends here. It has meant so much to me, and to other people, and especially to the little folks. And I want to express my appreciation to the person who sent me the subscription to the *People's Home Journal*. It gave me great pleasure. Thanks for your kind attentions. Mrs. Sula Booker, Sylvester, Ga., R. 4.

7. Mrs. H. T. West of Alpharetta, Ga., writes, "We thank the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange for their help in this community. I think they are doing a great work."

8. I am a girl of eighteen and I live on a farm a long ways from schools and churches. I sometimes get very lonely, and I would appreciate magazines, books, cards or letters, and I will also pass them on to others when I get through with them. Sincerely yours, Irene Hutchinson, Glade Hill, Va.

9. It has been a long time since I heard from any of my *Cheerful Letter* friends. I hope they have not forgotten me. I will finish High School this spring. I would love to correspond with someone. Would like some sheet music for beginners, also some floss to work with. Margaret Williams, Naola, Va.

10. I want to thank each and every one for the good reading received in the past; and, if it won't be too much trouble to the friend who sent me *Good Housekeeping* which contained the story of the lost child, I would be glad to receive the rest of the story. I have the first two numbers of the story. My husband and I have certainly enjoyed the reading matter sent to us. We have always passed along to others whatever we have had to read. From a friend of the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. J. E. Blevins, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 6.

11. Mrs. S. M. Trevey of Snowden, Va., writes to express her gratitude for her nice Christmas package. It made a bright Christmas for her and all her family.

12. I am a married woman, and live in a lonely place. I have four children, ages ten, three, one, and five months. My husband is crippled with rheumatism. I would be so thankful to correspond with some distant friend, and receive appropriate reading for my children. Mrs. Babe Brown, Spencer, Va., R. 3.

13. I am a sickly woman, and have been down in bed the most of the time since January 8, not able to do anything more than sewing patchwork or crocheting. I have four small children, from 8 years down to 19 months old. I would be so thankful for a few quilt pieces or thread, or some good reading, something to pass the hours away, as I live in a lonely canyon. My husband has to work away, and it makes the time seem so long and lonely. I would appreciate any kind of cheer. Mrs. I. B. Testerman, Grassy Creek, N. C.

14. I am coming to you for cheer. I have written before, but have been disappointed. I truly hope that my letter will be printed and that I may hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am in poor health and have five little children: a boy twelve, girl ten, girl seven, a boy five, and a baby boy two years old. I should appreciate anything that would interest the children. Mrs. R. C. Hylton, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

15. I would be very glad to get some good story books and magazines for myself and sister. She is 12 years old and I am 14.

We live close to the Blue Ridge Mountains, far from any town or city. I have seen lots of Mrs. Ellen Washington's magazines the friends sent her.

I will give you for reference Rev. A. O. Samons, Woolwine, Virginia. My address is (Miss) Lola Hall, Woolwine, Virginia, Box 60.

16. I thought that perhaps the *Cheerful Letter* would send me some books and magazines. I am not able to subscribe for even one magazine, and I dearly love to read. It is all the recreation I have. We are very needy. We lost our home and have five little ones to care for. I should enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* magazine monthly, that I might read what you dear ladies are doing, helping the poor and scattering sunshine. Thanking you, I am, Mrs. Jestin Barker, Grassy Creek, N. C., Box 75.

17. I am the mother of twelve children, seven living and five dead. I am not very stout, and have not been for several years. I have had lots of sickness in my family. My dear husband, who had been afflicted for about five years, died February 10, 1926, and my life certainly is lonesome now. I have to labor hard to have anything to go upon. I only have two children with me; the others are all married and gone from home.

I would be very thankful if some of you dear cheerful readers would send me some good books or magazines to read. I don't object to books that have been used. I will be 61 years old May 12, 1926. I give you as reference Rev. Thornton Sexton, Grassy Creek, N. C. Thanking you, dear cheerful readers, in advance for any comfort or cheer you can give me in my time of loneliness and trouble, I am, Yours very truly, Mrs. Martha Dickson, Grassy Creek, N. C.

18. I do not hear from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and as I am the only girl with my father and mother I get very lonesome. They are getting old, and I do not have the privileges that some girls have. I want to ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends for crochet thread, or any cheer that will help pass away the hours. Hope some will be kind enough to remember me. (Miss) Lena Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

19. I don't often hear from my *Cheerful Letter* friends any more, so I come again, asking for embroidery cotton. If any of the ladies have any to spare I would appreciate it very much. My husband is afflicted, and I am confined at home the most of the time. We have two little boys, ages 12 and 8 years. It is impossible for us to send them to school, so I would like something suitable for them, and a Webster's dictionary, if not asking too much. Thanking you all in advance, Mary J. Roberson, Elamsville, Va., Box 32.

20. I have heard of *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a poor boy and live a long ways from school and church. I am fifteen years old and my mother is dead and I am a lonely boy. I enjoy reading, and anything anyone would care to send to me. I enjoy reading magazines. Many thanks. Tracy Brooks, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 52.

21. I have been married three years. I have one child, Edith, eight months old. I shall be glad to get anything to amuse her, and will you please send me reading matter? Thanking you many times in advance, Mrs. S. W. Howell, Tuckerdale, N. C.

22. I used to get books and magazines when I lived at Copeland, but since I have moved to this place I haven't got any. Would like so well to have quilt patches and knitting thread. Would like books and magazines to read. My sixteen year-old-boy, Ernest Morgan, would like books for boys. If you want my pastor's reference, send to Mr. Elmer Waddle, Copeland, Ark. My sister, Hazel Watson, gets nice books from so many friends. Hoping to hear from you this time, May Morgan, Rupert, Ark.

P. S. We live in a lonesome mountainous country and get so lonesome.

23. I wish to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for kindness in sending me reading matter and quilt pieces. They are appreciated very much. I have loaned many papers to friends, who returned them saying they are so very interesting, they want another to read.

My children have learned a great deal by reading the books and papers you have sent us. They have been such a treat to us, and helped us to pass many lonesome hours with cheer.

We wish to be remembered to you all. Mrs. Margaret Johnson, Whitetop, Va., R. D., 2, Box 8A.

24. I would appreciate so much to get something to read, and I especially enjoy good love-story books. Thanking you and all others for your kindness in the past, I am, yours truly, Mrs. John Henderson, Big Island, Va.

25. I wish I could answer and thank the many friends for the things I have gotten since you put my letter in the paper, but I have not the stamps. Will you thank them all for me? Yours truly, Lora Mitchell, Pedlar Mills, Va.

26. I am a 14-year-old girl. I live in a lonely Mountain country, 45 miles from the railroad. Would like very much to receive quilt scraps, bits of thread of any sort, and would like very much to receive flower seed from every state, and also reading matter. (Miss) Myrtle Kingsley, Copeland, Ark. Rev. Mr. Elmer Waddle, Copeland, Ark., reference.

27. I am a poor widow, and live alone with my seventeen-year-old son. I am in very poor health; have to be in the bed most all the time. I would highly appreciate scraps for quilts, or any kind of cheer. Will be glad to hear from anyone. We have no paster at present. As reference I give Mrs. Laura Phipps, Bina, N. C. May God be with you all in your blessed work. Mrs. Tansey Neaves, Jefferson, N. C.

28. Miss Stella Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C., is a crippled and lonely girl, and would appreciate reading matter, books or magazines, also cards.

29. I will write to you. My health is bad, and I am lonesome. I would be glad to receive some magazines to read and some quilt scraps. Hoping that God may ever bless you with health, and help you in your good work, your friend, Mrs. Zenna Bluins, Silas Creek, N. C.

30. I am a poor woman with one child and three stepchildren. I would be glad to receive any reading matter you will send me. For my reference write to Rev. W. S. Graybeal, Brandon, N. C. Mrs. Andy Ring, Brandon, N. C.

31. I have been a reader a long time of the *Cheerful Letter*. I surely do enjoy it so much. I have been receiving it for 16 years. It has brought joy to my heart and home. I am writing you to know if my daughter will be remembered with some good books and magazines, or any good reading. Her husband is a great reader, and a good man, and works hard. They live in a lonely place. There are only two children at my home now. The oldest is 14; her name is Fern. My little boy is 6 years; his name is Robert. He is learning to read now. I will give you my daughter's address: Mrs. Francis Vess, Rhome, Texas, R. 2. Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Decatur, Texas, R. 1.

32. I wish to thank each and every one for their kindness in sending me magazines and other things.

I wish some of you *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me some books and reading matter, more about our Lord, as I live about four miles from my church, and I am not able to attend often. I would also appreciate a few cards for my little boy. Thanking you for all past favors, Mrs. Coleman Neaves, Crumpler, N. C.

33. Mrs. S. N. Lively of Copeland, Ark., writes thanking *Cheerful Letter* friends for past favors, and would like to be remembered in the future with magazines. She is now 74 years old.

34. I would be very glad to receive the following books: "John L. Stoddard's Lectures" (complete in ten volumes). I hope I am not asking too much of you. They would be very instructive to my son, who is working his way through school as a ministerial student. Thanking you in advance for any books you can send me, I am, very sincerely, Mrs. E. A. Cooper, Vulcan, Orange Co., Va.

35. I am a poor woman, with two children. I would love to correspond with some kind lady. My reference is Rev. John Harris, Oakboro,

N. C. Mrs. Clayton Hill, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, Box 37.

36. I have been told by Mrs. S. W. James of Amy, N. C., that you send out books and good reading matter to people, where reading matter is very hard to obtain. I would be glad to get any kind of good books for my family and myself.

I have three small children. Any books would be appreciated for them. We live in the mountainous part of North Carolina, where reading matter is very hard to obtain. Sincerely yours, Mrs. J. E. Roland, Warrensville, N. C.

37. I am an American woman, 33 years old. I have been married 14 years, and have four children. Three of my children are reading and writing, and I want the literature for the benefit of my children as well as myself. I have belonged to the church for 10 years. My husband works, but we can't get enough ahead to buy books, and anything would be appreciated. I will exchange anything that I can to any good lady, so hope to hear from you soon. Lulu Welch, Edison, N. C.

38. I am a poor woman with one child, aged 22 months. My husband left me and baby over a year ago. I stay with my aged grandparents. I have no father or mother, brother or sister. I would like to hear from some of the members, and also receive magazines and reading matter. Yours truly, Mrs. Ethel Davis, Tuckerdale, N. C.

39. I have received the *Cheerful Letter*. I enjoy it so much. I thank you, kind friends, for it. I will also appreciate it very much if some of you friends will send me reading matter of any kind. I have a girl, Lora, aged 18. I would be glad if someone would send her bits of crochet-thread of any kind, if I am not asking too much. Yours truly, Mrs. Avery Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2, Box 104.

40. The *Cheerful Letter* of Pittsburgh, Pa., sent me some braids. I wish to thank them through your paper, also the friend who sent a copy of *Good Housekeeping*. I like the magazine so very much, and will be so glad of current numbers.

Will some one please send me an appliqué or embroidery pattern for a bedspread, also an embroidery transfer pattern for a buffet set? Would be much appreciated. I hope I am not asking for too much. May God bless the *Cheerful Letter* people in their noble work. Mrs. Aubrey Hicks, Amherst, Va.

41. Mrs. Olomae Neaves, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 103, sends her thanks to all those who have remembered her in the past. She hopes to be sent crochet thread and reading matter; anything will be appreciated.

42. I am the mother of four children, very poor, afflicted with asthma, and very lonely, as I have to stay here with the children. My husband works off from home several miles. I would be glad to receive books, papers or quilt pieces, or anything to amuse myself and children these cold days, when we are so lonely. My children's names and ages are as follows: Donald, age 12; Ruby, 11; Dell, 8; Vernie, 4 years old. With best wishes to all the *Cheerful Letter* Club. Mrs. E. F. Adams, Brandon, N. C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. J. T. Wilmer and daughter Vera, from Buena Vista, Va., to Glasgow, Va., R. 1.

Mrs. John Henderson to Big Island, Va.

NOTICE.—No attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

DECEASED

Miss Helen N. Warner, New Boston, N. H. Died February, 1926.

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

IF you think you are beaten, you are,
  If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
  It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
  For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
  It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost,
  Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
  Ere even his work's begun,
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
  Think small, and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will,
  It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are,
  You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
  You can ever win a prize,
Life's battles don't always go
  To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
  Is the fellow who thinks he can.

A SINGLE sin, however apparently trifling, *which we do not intend to renounce*, is enough to render real prayer impracticable.—*F. P. Cobbe.*

THE MOSAIC

The Story of a Heavenly Surprise

Once upon a time there was a darling little lady who considered herself neither wise nor great nor particularly good. She thought that in all her life she had done nothing that counted as a real piece of work. The truth was that all her life she had been living so much in the lives of those she loved that she had never chosen out a Great Work for herself, nor, if she had, would she have esteemed herself worthy to arrogate time or opportunity with which to carry it on.

There came a season when the little lady wandered about for some years from friend to friend who wanted her, and, living in homes that were not wholly hers, lost sight of her own needs so completely that she forgot how to tell what was necessary for her comfort. So, because she was for the moment with one who had arrogated to herself a Work, our precious little lady was neglected and fell ill.

Now it came about that before she had entirely recovered, the Lord sent his Angel and, while she seemed to be resting, took her for a little visit to Heaven.

When she, delighted and not at all afraid, had entered with the Angel into Paradise, the Lord himself spoke to her and told her that his messenger might lead her about to look at a few of the wonders and beauties of the Better Country, so that when she should return for a while to earth, whether or not she remembered where she had been, she might carry in her soul for the rest of her mortal life, the happiness and glory of the celestial dwellings.

Gladly then the little lady gave herself over to be led about. Many mansions she saw of bewildering beauty, set among trees of ever-living verdure and flowers familiar as well as unknown.

The people she met were as beautiful as their surroundings. There was not one among them who halted or was blind or could not clearly understand all that was spoken and even thought. There was not one impatient or unfriendly or in a hurry or too eager to be heard. Not one was sad of countenance or spoke unkindly.

Our lady met many who had been dear to her for long, all sweetly familiar still to her remembrance, but sound of body now and looking as young as they wished. And, because she was soon going back to earth, when they had found her they would not leave her, but went with her in a company that grew until it became almost a throng.

With all this, the lady, whose body had been, as I have told you, very frail, was feeling stronger than ever she had on earth and was not at all tired when, near the end of the day, she came with the Angel and the great company of her friends to a mansion which seemed at once more beautiful than any other she had seen and more to be desired.

"Who lives here?" she cried. "Does this belong to any one *I* know?" and in her heart she added, "I wish William could see it."

The company all smiled and stood aside to let her enter first; for the Angel had opened the door and bade her walk in.

"There's no one living here?" said our little lady. "But oh, how lovely it is! See Mother, that's like our own old table, and that vase is exactly what I have always wished to fill with violets and give to Ray!"

She ran from room to room and her friends and the Angel ran after her, smiling as before to one another and with her.

One pang entered the heart of our dear little lady when she had seen through all the mansion and had sat down at last in the garden to look at the flowers and the fountain and to think of all she had beheld. It was this: That the house was just as *she* would love to arrange a home for the comfort of her brother William. She did not ask again whose home it was. It would have irked her to be told.

But as she mused, her eye fell on the mosaic floor of the court wherein the fountain played, and she rose to examine it, forgetting in the unselfish pleasure so habitual to her, the little regret that any one else should possess so exquisite a thing and one which she had always wanted for herself.

This mosaic was such as she had never seen, made in patterns familiar, to be sure, because she had often, in different forms of handicraft, worked out patiently, one by one, just such designs. But to put them thus together with stones so rare and splendid and to make the colorful beauty of such a whole!—She had not dreamed that the simple patterns such as hers could result in this magnificent unity. With dazzled eyes she turned to the Angel:

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "what artist did this? Was it any one I know about?—Michel Angelo perhaps, or a man like our Kipling who, when he came to Heaven turned to a new art?"

"A woman made this," said the Angel, and he smiled ineffably at her.

"A woman! Oh, how delightful!" The little lady clasped her hands in satisfaction, for she had ever championed her sex and *really loved the successes of other women.*

"Yes, a woman," the Angel went on, "a woman who thought herself to be doing only little things and those not very well nor quickly. Each pebble here is a token of one of those little things—you see there were many thousands of them—all precious and all beautiful. Nor is this pavement the only work of her making. All these good people here have in their own homes artistry created by this same woman."

The friends all nodded as our lady looked their way for confirmation; but no one spoke until the Angel went on:

"That is not all. In many mansions still unbuilt because their owners are not as yet in want of them, there will be picture on picture made of just such jewels. The children whom she has cherished shall keep her designs forever built into the structure of their homes—as her loving words have been built into their lives and her charity for the intents of their hearts and the gentle ministrations given so freely that such a source was not always admitted even by the giver."

As the Angel ceased speaking, he looked lovingly at our little lady, who was regarding him all this time with the greatest attention and eagerness.

"I should like to see that woman," said our precious little lady. "Is she here? Perhaps I might dare to tell her how much I like her mansion and her mosaic. I could not dare to say that I look up to her because she is exactly the kind of woman I should have liked to be! Do you know, Mother, she reminds me of you!"

Then the Angel beckoned to the mother who, being not far away, took her child immediately by the hand.

"Come, I'll show her to you, dear," said the little Mother in her sweetly lilting voice, and she led her child to the great alabaster bowl which held the waters of the fountain.

That instant the fountain ceased to play and the water became very still and clear in the bowl, so that, when the Mother said:

"Look in, dear," our darling little lady obeyed, and peering into the water, saw—

Her Own Self.

—*Rachel Capen Schauffler, in Congregationalist and Christian World.*

LOVE'S CHIEF WORK

LOVE'S chief work is that of discovering good, not evil. One who constantly points out defects in others, even though claiming, as is so often the case, to do "in love," has not caught the root principle of love. It was said of a well-known Christian worker: "Because love was the controlling force of his life, his energies went out always as a builder, never as a destroyer. He destroyed evil, of course, but by building up the good." To do its building work, love must be able to recognize the materials for building, and that is just where true love's peculiar power lies. It sees good in others when unlove sees only faults, and it seizes upon the good in such eager recognition that the power of that good is increased and multiplied under love's warmth. If we would have love and use it, let us set about this sort of building in the lives of those about us. No other effort brings such rich returns. —*Selected.*

DISAPPOINTMENT—HIS APPOINTMENT

Disappointment—His appointment.
Change one letter, then I see,
That the thwarting of my purpose,
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing,
Though it may come in disguise;
For the end from the beginning,
Open to His wisdom lies.

Disappointment—His appointment.
Whose? The Lord's who loves me best,
Understands and knows me fully,
Who my faith and love would test;
For, like loving earthly parent,
He rejoices when he knows
That his child accepts unquestioned,
All that from his wisdom flows.

Disappointment—His appointment.
"No good thing will he withhold."
From denials oft we gather,
Treasure of his love untold.
Well he knows each broken purpose,
Leads to fuller, deeper trust.
And the end of all his dealings,
Proves our God is wise and just.

Disappointment—His appointment.
Lord, I take it then, as such.
Like the clay in hands of potter,
Yielding wholly to thy touch.
All my life's plans in thy molding,
Not one single choice be mine;
Let me answer, unrepining,
"Father, not my will but thine."

How often, from want of thought and attention, do we see people, really kind people, fail to make others happy or comfortable. How often do we see in families who would do anything to oblige each other, if the matter were a great one, such a total neglect of the little kindnesses of life that by degrees they become selfish, and unable to perceive wherein they fail, or that anything else ought to be expected of them than what they perform. Life affords but few opportunities of doing great services for others; but there is scarcely an hour in the day that does not afford us an opportunity of performing some little—it may be unnoticed—service.

DON'T make too much of the faults and failings of those around you—even be good to yourself, and don't harry your soul over your own blunders and mistakes.—*Ada C. Sweet.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

TAKING SIDES

Matt. xii, 30: *He that is not with Me is against Me.*

I WANT to talk with you, boys and girls, this month about "taking sides." What I have to say has been suggested to me by the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. When this boat-race time comes near, people get very excited, and they "take sides" for or against the one or the other university. And they show the side they are on by wearing the ribbon of the crew they want to win—dark blue for Oxford, light blue for Cambridge. They are not a bit ashamed of their colors, they glory in them. There was a picture in *Punch*, at boat-race time not long ago, of a gang of boys wearing the Oxford colors, and in the middle a boy wearing the Cambridge colors. The Oxford partisans had evidently been trying to make the solitary Cambridge partisan change sides. And *Punch* represents this lad with the Cambridge colors as saying, with the air of a martyr ready to go to the stake: "I won't say Oxford!" He had taken his side and at all costs he was going to stick to it. I suppose the reason why many of us side with Oxford or Cambridge, as the case may be, is that our fathers or our big brothers belonged to one or other university. But the funny thing is that all kinds of people, who have never been at Oxford or Cambridge, who have had no relative there, and who have never seen the race, take sides when boat-race time comes round.

And there are other things in which men "take sides" beside the boat race. They "take sides" in politics. At election times they get quite excited, working and speaking for their side. And once again they are not a bit ashamed of letting people know which side they are on. They wear their party colors with a touch of swagger and pride. We "take sides" even in religion, for some are Protestant and some are Roman Catholic.

I suppose it is possible for a man to be neutral in these matters. I suppose it is possible for a man to be quite impartial as between Oxford and Cambridge; and impartial in politics, though that would be much harder. But there is one great issue on which everybody simply *must* take sides. We cannot be neutral when it comes to right or wrong. We must be either for Jesus Christ or against Him.

There was a war once between Israel and the King of Canaan. Most of the Hebrew people rallied to Barak's standard, but some kept neutral. This is what Deborah says about one town that remained neutral: *Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.* By refusing to help Israel, they had really strengthened the hands of their foes.

In the Great War no Englishman could be neutral. For an Englishman to be neutral in that great struggle was equivalent to helping the enemy. If an English lad had said, in those terrible years, "I am neutral," and had declined to serve, he would have weakened the English forces, and to that extent would have helped the enemy. It is just like that in the great conflict between right and wrong. If, for example, you hear some evil word said, or see some evil deed done and you say nothing by way of protest, you have really helped the evil. You have "taken sides" even by doing nothing. That is exactly what Jesus meant when He said: *He that is not with Me is against Me.* If you do not "take sides" with Jesus quite bravely and openly, you are helping those who are "against" Him. Well, which side are you on?

You remember the story of Bishop Hannington in his school boat? Some of the lads were using bad language, when Hannington, who was one of the best oars in the boat, got up and said he was a Christian and would not row a stroke unless the bad language ceased. He "took sides." Are we taking the side of Jesus just as bravely and frankly? People are not a bit ashamed of wearing the Oxford or Cambridge colors. Let us be equally proud to wear the colors of the Lord Jesus. Anyhow, remember it is impossible on this great issue to be neutral. We are bound to take sides. Choose the right side. And choose it *now!*—*Dr. J. D. Jones.*

THE REAL GOOD

"'What is the real good?'
I asked in musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
'Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the sage;
'Fame,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word.'"

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

OUR SERVICE IN ALASKA

How Reindeer Brought Prosperity to Eskimos

A paragraph in the column of the Chronicle devoted to interesting events twenty-five years ago recalls the fact that at that period the United States began the experiment of importing reindeer into Alaska to save the Eskimos from extinction. How brilliantly this experiment has succeeded is set forth in the report Governor Parks makes this year of conditions in Alaskan territory.

Before the coming of the white man, the Eskimos did not suffer from lack of food. But with the slaughter of their game they came down to a precarious existence on whale and walrus.

The establishment of the reindeer by the Government was the result of these conditions. In northern and western Alaska are 200,000 square miles of treeless region, worthless for anything else, but which furnish in abundance the moss and lichen on which the reindeer feeds. And the thousand-odd reindeer that were originally imported into Alaska from Siberia have now increased to 300,000, two-thirds of which are owned by the Eskimos.

Reindeer are able to supply the entire livelihood for the natives. From them the Eskimos can get their milk, cheese, meat, clothes and tents. Furthermore, the raising of reindeer provides the Eskimos with an industry that takes them out of the nomadic class and makes them a pastoral people, increases their independence and makes for responsible citizenship.

Reindeer meat is with us something of a novelty, but it is possible that the day may come when the United States will draw some part of its meat supply from the reindeer herds of Alaska.

But, of course, this was not the primary purpose of introducing them into our northern territory. That object was to provide a livelihood for the Eskimos, and in this the Government has had brilliant success.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WITH OUR HOME-MAKERS

Favorite Recipes

Cinnamon Buns.—Scald 1 cup of milk, add 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 of lard, ½ cup of sugar; let it cool; add ¼ yeast cake dissolved in ¼ cup water, 1 egg, pinch salt, flour to make a batter. Let rise over night. Add sufficient flour to make a dough, soft, in the morning. Let it rise until double its bulk, and roll into a large thin sheet and spread with butter; ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon of cinnamon, 1 cup of currants, roll and cut; fill pans closely. Let stand until very light, and bake in a quick oven 30 minutes.

Orange Tapioca.—Take 2 tablespoons powdered tapioca and mix with 4 tablespoons orange juice and 2 teaspoons lemon juice; then add pinch of salt and 5 tablespoons sugar. When well blended, add ⅔ cup boiling water and cook until thickened. Meanwhile, peel and break 1 orange rind into sections and arrange in serving dish; then pour tapioca over it. When cool, serve with sweetened whipped cream or marshmallow cream, thinned with a little milk.

* * *

Substitute for Whipped Cream.—A good substitute for whipped cream is made by beating together the whites of 2 eggs, 1 cup grated apple and 1 cup sugar, until very stiff. It looks like whipped cream and is excellent for cakes or any kind of dessert.

* * *

A Dainty Sandwich.—A dainty sandwich for an afternoon tea is made by spreading a thin cracker lightly with butter and placing on this a chocolate peppermint. Now butter another cracker and place on top. Lay on a tin sheet and place in a very moderate oven. Let it remain till the pepermint has melted and forms a filling.

Handy Hints

After cleaning celery rinse again with a little lemon juice in water to prevent discoloration.

* * *

Soak old or wilted vegetables in cold water to which a slice of lemon has been added, and in an hour they will be as fresh as when gathered. This is especially good for lettuce, spinach and parsley.

* * *

Before making the fire for baking open oven door wide to let stale air escape. After the fire burns up brightly close the door, and in five minutes the oven will be ready for baking.

* * *

To prevent jelly from boiling over, butter the inside rim of the kettle or pan in which it is to be boiled.

* * *

When jelly won't thicken, grate a carrot, put it in a clean piece of cheesecloth and strain a few drops of it into the juice, then boil a few minutes. It works like a charm.

* * *

A little spirits of camphor or alcohol rubbed on a mirror after the dust has been wiped off will brighten it wonderfully.

* * *

To relieve fatigued muscles, add a tablespoon of vinegar to a warm bath.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF TOMORROW

The Beautiful Land of Tomorrow is calling
To you, and it's calling to me;
And just at the end of the Road of Today
Quite clearly its borders, I see.
The valleys are shadowed with cloud-mists,—'tis true,
But its hills and its mountains are clear to the view,
And Oh! how they shine—
Your highlands and mine—
In the Beautiful Land of Tomorrow.

The Beautiful Land of Tomorrow is ready
For you, and it's ready for me.
With treasure to gain, and great fields of ripe grain,
How abundant the harvest should be.
Tho' the valleys be dark, and no light may shine through—
Look! the hills, just beyond, I can see, and ca[ll] you.
And Oh! how they shine—
Your highlands and mine—
In the Beautiful Land of Tomorrow.

The Beautiful Land of Tomorrow is watching
For you, and it's watching for me.
So forward we'll press, the bright land to possess—
It is ours if we'll have it to be.
Why question the cloud-mists, which ho[ve] below?
Our Today does not answer, Tomorrow we'[ll] know.
And Oh! how they shine—
Your highlands and mine—
In the Beautiful Land of Tomorrow.

—*T. P. A. Magazine.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letter[s] and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of corre[s]pondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermo[n] or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present onl[y] such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerfu[l] Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payabl[e] to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way[,] Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines[,] should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimbl[e] Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by stu[-] dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens[,] 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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